

Our Fourfooted Friends

AND HOW WE TREAT THEM

EDITED BY MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH

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CONTENTS

Lights and Shadows of Humane Work	2	Stories for Young and Old	10
Humane Education	9	Care of Our Useful Friends	11
League News and Notes	12	Letters	14



ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE AGENT FEEDING PIGEONS ON BOSTON COMMON

(Photograph loaned by Christian Science Monitor)

**LIGHTS AND SHADOWS
OF HUMANE WORK**

Caroline Barnard.

There was a notable woman worker who has now "gone home to rest," but whose "works do follow her," and that is Miss Caroline Barnard, of Sawbridgeworth. She was fortunate in the possession of an uncommon intellect, and a well-lined purse, both of which she devoted to the cause of animals, denying herself all luxuries, even to a home (for she let her nice house), and spending her income in "setting others to work."

Would that more leisured women would follow her example, for her "mission" is much needed. It consisted, for the main part, in assisting with prizes, literature, songs, music, lanterns, etc., etc., those who were unable to procure them. It is to be regretted, but it is none the less true, that in England the kindly people who set out to teach humane education to school children are not overburdened with wealth, and often give their few hours of leisure from wage-earning to the cause. Many a flourishing class comes to an end for the want of more Miss Barnards, to not only supply the means needed to carry on the work, but by their example lead others who are able, to do likewise. In her own village at Sawbridgeworth, she erected a "Band of Mercy Hall" with an annex for preparing teas, fitted the big room with a stage and appliances for a lantern, and paid a young schoolmaster to conduct the meetings and play the songs, etc., attending herself whenever possible. In this way she learned, as few do, the actual needs of active Bands of Mercy, and that apart from the regulation humane nature study lessons, the young folks require the excitement of preparing for entertainments.

Miss Barnard also found that the audiences were taught humanity by the dialogues, recitation and songs, and that the learning of such words at home instructed whole families. In this way she discovered the absolute dearth of

material, and set about supplying it. She paid suitable people to write little plays and dialogues (on absolutely humane lines) with sufficient "dressing up to attract the child mind." She learned that kings and queens, in crowns and sceptres were delighted to learn long speeches of the deepest humanity, but that in every-day clothes the subject would pall.

Then she produced under cost price her "Band of Mercy Entertainer," which embodied everything needful, and leaving her young teacher in charge of her Band, set out for America in search of material, well supplied with English literature. She went to Chicago to interview Mrs. Fairchild Allen, of whom she had heard. Miss Barnard made both useful and pleasant acquaintances in her American tour, and returned home "piled high" with humane literature and a note book full of addresses, and the value, in English money, of magazines, etc., etc. All this she passed on with her lavish disregard of postage and carriage, to the foremost workers in England, persuading them to "pass on again." In this way she established an interchange of communication between certain American humanitarian and English workers that has continued to this day and is still "passing on."

In Mrs. Allen's writings material was found for several plays, also Mr. Albert Landon's *Chicago Humane Journal* had an infinity of recitations and material for songs. The same with *Our Dumb Animals* and other humane publications.

Miss Barnard then set out for France and Italy and commenced defraying the cost of translations into both languages; in fact, she died in Paris whilst engaged in the latter work. Apart from her literary labors, her efforts to draw solitary workers into personal communication was of the utmost value, and by her example of "seeing her money's worth" with her own eyes, in the way of paying for homes for rescued animals with working people, dog taxes for the poor, and so on, she is still being copied by those who do not forget her good works.

Miss Barnard lived to be highly amused and delighted at the result of one of her American "finds" in the shape of a little poem of a few

verses, describing how Bands of Mercy are "marching round the world," and being founded in various foreign countries. These words were shown to Mrs. Alice Dawson, a charming musical composer who, although then eighty years of age, had already set some of the prettiest poems to music for the *Band of Mercy Magazine*. She at once set it to a stirring tune, which was seized upon for a "dressing up song and march," which took the audience by storm, when performed in costume, with tall banners of the nations where the society flourished.

Since those days, Bands of Mercy have been established in so many foreign countries and extra verses have been so frequently added that the original author, if alive, would not recognize the poem. With the "snail exercise" march for the chorus, and the scenic effect, Marching Round the World has been one of the most successful pieces for entertainment since the Band of Mercy Society was devised, but few, if any, remember its origin in Caroline Barnard's American tour.—FLORENCE SUCKLING.

Elephants in Captivity.

We have frequently published in this magazine facts in relation to wild animals that have been captured for zoological gardens and kept in captivity, that would convince any person who was sincerely humane, of the suffering these captives endure, and the cruelties that are inseparable from "zoos" or from any place where wild animals must be kept in confinement; but still the demand is made that wild animals shall be put in cages, or confined enclosures, and kept in parks, where a thoughtless public can stare at them in their misery.

Extraordinary as it may seem, there are men and women who think they are humane, yet encourage the capture and captivity of wild animals under the mistaken plea that it is educational!

Education it certainly is, but it is an education in heartless disregard of the comfort of animals, and indifference to their suffering,—in short, it is an education in cruelty.

The latest exposure of this form of cruelty is now going on in the New York papers under

head lines such as these: "Bronx Zoo Elephant Chained for Two Years." "Gunda's Case Deserves Consideration."

The case is this: "The male Indian elephant Gunda," says the placard on the cage, "was imported in 1904 direct from Assam, Northern India, where he was captured wild." Gunda was then eight years old and stood six feet seven inches high. Now he is more than nine feet high. Elephants reach maturity in about thirty years. The average life of the wild elephant is said to be about eighty years. If Gunda lives out his natural life he will have many more years to suffer unless humane sentiment can be aroused sufficiently to put an end to his misery.

The *New York Times* in its issue of June 23 has an excellent article about Gunda that ought to do a great deal toward arousing humane people to action. We quote it in part:—

"If Gunda keeps his health he can look forward to standing in the Bronx Zoo with one foreleg and one hindleg chained to the floor for the next sixty-two years.

"And Gunda is in rebellion. For eight years he was as patient as Job. Then his patience wore out. Two years ago he tried to kill one of his keepers. Since that time he has been regarded as a bad elephant, and has worn double chains. But his punishment has not reformed him. He wants his freedom, and he wants revenge. When Dick Richards or Walter Thuman, his keepers, shuffle their feet near him he draws back his trunk, ready to reach out and pull them through the bars into his cage.

"Every week they go in behind him and shift the chains so they won't chafe sores on his legs. Gunda understands friendly advances, and has not hurt them yet. In the winter time when things are quiet, he wears only one chain. It was Thuman whom he attacked two years ago. Thuman stood in the far corner of the big cage when Gunda charged him and knocked him down. The lunge he made at the keeper brought him head on into the wall and half of his left tusk snapped off. This checked him for the moment and gave Richards time to jump in and drive him off with the hook, so that Thuman escaped, 'with a three months' vacation in the hospital,' as he phrases it.

Our Fourfooted Friends

"For a youth of eighteen, Gunda looks more like a battle-scarred veteran than any product of the Mexican War. Besides his broken tusk, he has ears that are tattered and torn and pierced with holes where the hook has held him. His big skull has a worn look, as though he had charged into stone walls to batter them down. The only wall he knows is the brick wall just before him, where he stands and rubs his head up and down all day until he has worn bald spots all over it. Now and then he sucks up a trunkful of water from the basin in the corner and watches with a wicked eye for some one to squirt it on. If he catches a warning glance from his keeper he turns away, pretending to gargle it before he sprays it out.

"Give Gunda a chance and he will do more than squirt water on the first person around whom he can twist his trunk. To date he has done no murder. If he had he would have been condemned to death. But there is murder in his eye, so the animal experts think.

"Many of the persons who flock to his cage and watch him as he tests the chains that bind him, stand fascinated by the silent drama. He is the biggest elephant in captivity on this continent. He has more strength of bone and sinew than any other living creature. Yet he can move only two feet forward and two feet back, and then he drops his massive head and heaves from side to side, at once a grotesque and tragic figure.

"A number of persons have written to Dr. William A. Hornaday, Curator of the Zoo, to plead Gunda's cause. The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has become interested. Dr. Hornaday wrote them a letter giving his view of the case, and a committee now has it under consideration."

Dr. Hornaday's letter to Col. Wagstaff reads:

"Dear Sir:— I have before me your letter, inclosing a copy of a letter you have received from Mr. M. A. Lord of 601 West 168th Street.

"In reply I beg to state that in my judgment both you and Mr. Lord have based your conclusions regarding our large male Indian elephant on erroneous premises. I do not yield to you, to Mr. Lord, or to any one else, any precedence

in desire to prevent cruelty to animals. The fact that we have established here the most humane zoological park establishment on earth, in which the avoidance of cruelty to animals has from the start been a dominant desire, seems to have escaped your attention. At least, no public notice ever has been taken of the Zoological Society's efforts, of my efforts, in that direction. On the contrary, we are frequently hounded by persons who attack our management through your society. The present instance is merely the latest case in point.

"Mr. Lord has not established the fact that the Indian elephant is 'suffering' in any way whatsoever, or that he is 'unhappy,' or that any cruelty is being practiced upon him. At the same time, a more intemperate accuser a short time ago charged us with 'inflicting inhuman torture upon that animal.' "

"For many years elephants were kept in the Central Park Zoo in apartments smaller than that in which Gunda is confined, and without any yard connections whatever; and this seemed to be regarded as admissible. The only difference between that arrangement and the present condition of our male Indian elephant is that the latter is unable to take a few steps that are involved in turning around in his apartment. The animal is well fed, well watered, well cleaned, has better air than most of the people who live in New York City, and what is more, he is not annoyed in any way.

"It is quite true that he is deprived of his liberty; but so are many human beings who are murderously inclined, and whose freedom is dangerous to the public. If you hold to the view that all persons and wild animals who require close confinement should be killed, that is an entirely proper subject for discussion, on its merits; and I will say, in advance, that I do not share that view.

"It is no fault of ours that Gunda is so mean and so murderous that he cannot be allowed the same freedom that we permit the other elephants of the Park to enjoy. It is a common occurrence for large male elephants to become so domineering and dangerous as to require chains. In the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens the large African elephant named Bolivar was kept chained

in his stall, even more closely than Gunda is, for twenty years; and apparently the people of Philadelphia did not regard it as being so cruel as to require the death of the animal to end it. The animal died a natural death.

"In conclusion, I wish to repeat that Gunda is not 'suffering' from his confinement, and has not given the slightest sign of any suffering. The dominant idea in his mind is to catch his keepers at a disadvantage and kill them! The Zoological Society feels that it is in duty bound to exhibit a full grown male Indian elephant. If the criminals or the insane people of this state are as comfortably kept as Gunda is kept here then they are indeed fortunate. The elephant's savage temper and murderous disposition render it necessary to deprive him of the freedom of his yard, and we do not propose that his mean disposition shall penalize the Zoological Society to the extent of causing it to destroy an animal that is very valuable for exhibition.

"W. T. HORNADAY, *Director.*"

This is Mr. Hornaday's view of the case, but others think differently.

William K. Horton, manager for the S. P. C. A., does not consider this an edifying or instructive spectacle for the youthful mind. "It is brutalizing," he said yesterday. "If Gunda is so dangerous that he cannot be allowed to go unchained it would be better to kill him. Dr. Hornaday says Gunda is not suffering from his confinement and has not given the slightest sign of suffering. I differ with him. I cannot believe it possible that the animal can be bound by two chains day and night and not suffer. It is no wonder to me that he shows a murderous disposition."

Mr. Horton considers the suggestion that a concrete arena or pit be provided for Gunda a good one. "If he is as indispensable to the Zoological Park as Dr. Hornaday feels, it seems to me that the expense would be amply justified," he said.

An editorial in the *New York Times* says:—

"The elephant is an animal that usually submits docilely enough to domestication, but Gunda is one of the not rare exceptions, and one

does not have to be unduly sentimental to believe that he suffers constantly and severely as he stands there month after month, with a restless swaying of his huge body as the only relief from immobility. Dead and 'stuffed' he would be a lesson in zoology as valuable, though not quite as interesting as he is alive, but his present interest for observers at all sensitive is distinctly painful, and as a spectacle for children he can hardly teach anything except indifference to animal woes.

"Dr. Hornaday thinks that Gunda prefers being chained to being shot, but that is mere anthropomorphism, since Gunda cannot compare the two fates—he can only resist each when it confronts him, and the decision must be made for him if at all. Dr. Hornaday believes in the maintenance of public menageries. He should therefore ponder well whether the chaining of Gunda may not strengthen the grave doubts which many of us already have on that subject and bring so many more to our point of view as to lead to the abolition of these prisons for wild animals.—EDITORIAL."

We call particular attention to the last paragraph of this editorial. It is very true that many people have "grave doubts" as to the wisdom of providing and maintaining menageries or zoos for public amusement. They are indeed "prisons" for wild animals, and the public little know, and apparently little care, how much misery they involve. But there is a growing tendency to look into the matter more carefully, and it would be well for humane societies, if they do not wish to lose the people's faith in their humanity, to take up the case, or the cause of all wild animals in captivity, wherever they are kept.

We entered a strong protest in this magazine and in the *Boston Transcript* against establishing a "zoo" in Franklin Park, and warned those who were advocating it of the suffering to the caged animals, and the great expense, far beyond what was at first allowed for, in carrying it on.

Events have proved that the experiment has been a succession of tragedies. Many valuable birds and a number of animals have already

died from lack of judicious care, and not a few humane visitors to the Park have come away declaring that the sight of some of the restless, unhappy captives spoiled all the pleasure of the visit to the Park.

In the Aquarium at South Boston a recent visitor reports that the beautiful tropical fishes she saw on her first visit, also all the little sea horses are dead.

There are people who will say: "What does that matter? If the fish and the wild animals die, there are plenty more where they came from."

Leaving the question of the worse than useless expense for economists to consider, we would ask where lies the hope of a prosperous and happy country, if not in that sort of sentiment which abhors cruelty in any and every form, and cultivates thoughtful kindness to every living creature.

About all the misery and suffering and crime of the world has its source in selfishness, self-indulgence at the expense of others' comfort, and lack of tenderness or kindness. When we encourage any form of amusement that produces suffering we are going in the wrong direction and making the world worse instead of better.

A letter to the editor of the *New York Times* is worth quoting, as it is evidently from a man who has looked carefully into "the case of Gunda":—

"To the Editor of the New York Times:

"No one can gaze upon poor Gunda without asking himself, 'Why?' When the animal arrived in the Zoological Gardens he was a good-natured, docile elephant. I think the fault is with the management of the place. Either Dr. Hornaday or his subordinates won't be guided by nature. All animals, including the most ferocious, like the companionship of their kind. This elephant would never have developed murderous tendencies if a mate had been put in the cage with him. Instead, a cow elephant was put in a cage near him, but where he could not see her.

"The Zoological Society bought at much expense a pair of beautiful giraffes. They were put in the same inclosure and both flourished.

Some wise subordinate of Dr. Hornaday's had them put in different inclosures. In a few months both were dead—grief, the *Times* reporter wrote, was the cause.

"A pair of Chapman zebras—male and female—occupy together an inclosure in the park. They are as docile as house cats. Near them are two Grevy zebras, separated by iron bars. I have seen the zebra stallion trying to bite through his iron grating to attack people, and I challenge even the man who feeds them to enter the stall with this animal. Yet he was well behaved when he arrived.

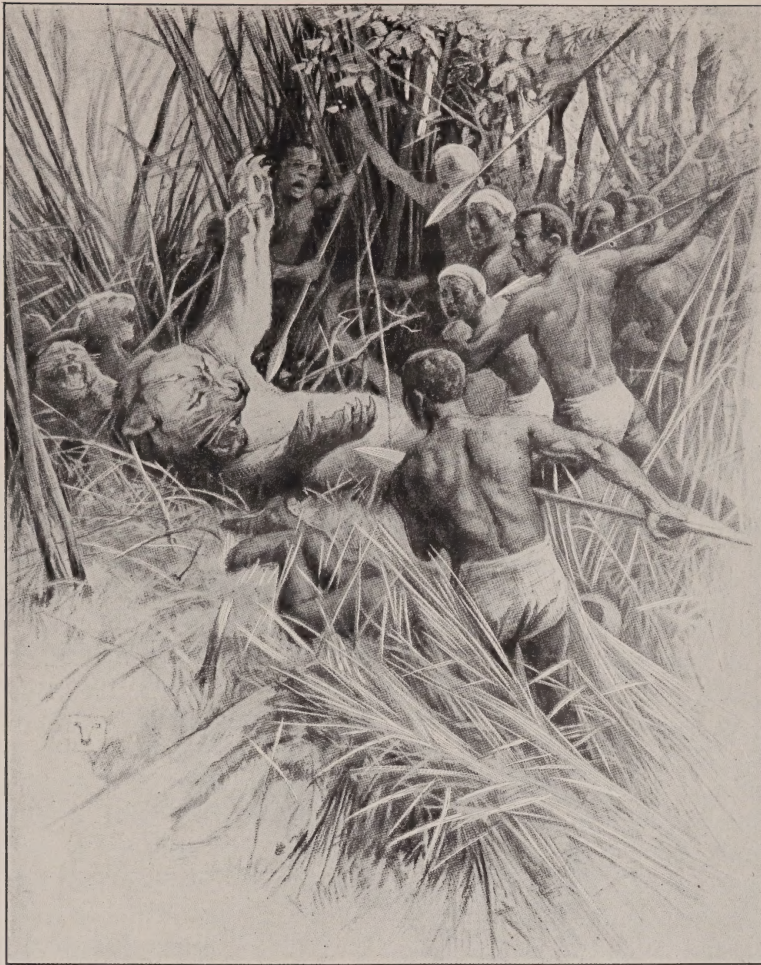
"Dr. Hornaday perhaps doesn't appreciate the law of nature with respect to the association of animals of a kind. There used to be caged together in the Zoological Park a black leopard and a spotted leopard. The color combination was most artistic, but one day the fellow with spots took a dislike to the black fellow and killed him. This would probably not have occurred to a cage mate with spots. The fault may be with the keepers. Few of these are chosen because of their knowledge of or sympathy with animals. They are often chosen upon the recommendation of politicians. In many years of observation I have never known an animal with a cage mate of its kind to degenerate into a criminal beast.

CHARLES H. GEORGE.

"NEW YORK, JUNE 24, 1914."

Mr. Hornaday says the Bronx Zoo is "the most humane zoological park establishment on earth." Perhaps it may be,—but Heaven help them all, and hasten the day when the world will be so far civilized that the people will find no pleasure in gazing at the misery of captive animals or birds. But this state of civilization can only come about through the determined and persistent efforts of people who are truly humane.—A. H. S.

It will help the cause of suffering animals if you will send 50 cents for a subscription to this magazine; also if you will read the magazine and pass it on for others to read.



CAPTURING TIGERS FOR THE ZOO.

In the "Zoo."

Exiles, they tread their narrow bounds
Behind the iron bars.
Where'er they turn, the hand of man
Their straining vision mars,
Save only when at night they gaze
Upon the friendly stars.

See! there a golden eagle broods
With glazed, unseeing eyes
That never more will sweep the snows
Where blue Sierras rise;
And there, sick for his native hills,
A sullen panther lies.

What dreams of silent polar nights
Disturb the white bear's sleep?
Roams he once more unfettered where

Eternal ice-floes sweep?
What memories of the jungle's ways
Does that gaunt tiger keep?

Such wistful eyes the hartbeest turn
Beyond their cramped domain;
They seem to see the yellowing leagues
Of wind-swept veldt again.
And look! a springbok lifts his head
As though he smelled the plain.

Exiles, they tread their narrow bounds
Behind the iron bars,
For thus the ruthless hand of man
Each God-made creature mars.
But oh, what hungry eyes they raise
Up to the friendly stars!

—GEORGE T. MARSH in *Scribner's Magazine*.

Shipping Wild Animals.

More animals—wild ones, that is— are shipped to England from Singapore than from any other port in the world.

Singapore is the collecting place for half Asia, and there are steamships which actually specialize in this trade and cater for it.

Elephants, panthers, leopards, deer and monkeys of many kinds, crocodiles, snakes, in huge variety—all these are shipped at Singapore. The collectors buy wholesale, from the Chinese agents, who are particularly good about getting the creatures they want.

Wild animals won't stand confinement in the hold of a ship. They are all, or almost all, carried as deck cargo. This means a lot of extra risk, for a bad storm or a sudden change of temperature may play havoc with a valuable consignment.

The most precious of all four-legged passengers is a giraffe. A giraffe is a most difficult creature to catch alive, and when caught too often dies before it reaches the coast. For twenty years, from 1880 to 1900, only three giraffes were brought to Europe. During the present century the supply has been larger, owing to the opening up of East Africa, particularly of the Soudan.

A young giraffe, even before shipment, is worth at least £200, and needs two men to look after it. One that was sent from Delagoa Bay to the zoo was eleven feet high, and was packed in a huge box ten feet high, with an opening in the top for the lengthy creature to put its head out. Something like fifty pounds worth of fodder was shipped for its consumption on the voyage, and when it was landed the box was found to be too big to go through the railway tunnels.

Every bridge and tunnel was measured, then the box was reduced to eight feet, telescoping Mr. Giraffe, but he arrived safely in London none the worse for his cramped journey.

A big elephant is an awkward animal to handle, especially to get aboard ship. Elephants, as a rule, hate ships. When Barnum bought the famous Jumbo for £2000, it took about a week to persuade him to enter the box in which he was eventually shipped. Jumbo weighed several tons,

so when he arrived at Liverpool to be shipped to America he had to be floated down the river in a barge and hoisted aboard ship with a derrick. The pontoons would not stand his colossal weight.

Another big zoo elephant, Jingo, was sold to the States in the year 1903. He suffered terribly from both home and sea sickness. All he would eat on shipboard was biscuits soaked in whiskey.

On the sixth day out the poor creature died. It is said that he was simply broken-hearted.

Mandarin, one of Barnum and Bailey's finest elephants, went mad in mid-ocean aboard the *Minneapolis*, and tried to kill his keepers. It was decided that he must be executed. A great hawser was run round his neck and attached to the donkey engine, and in this way he was strangled. His body was dropped into the sea.

It occasionally happens that animals break loose aboard ship, and then there is serious trouble. In March, 1905, the steamer *Neidenfels*, with a cargo of wild animals, met with a storm in the middle of the Indian Ocean. A partition separating three leopards from an elephant and her calf gave away, and one of the leopards put out a paw and seized a carrot which the elephant calf was eating.

Instantly the mother struck the leopard with her trunk, knocking it several feet away. Keepers heard the scream of the leopard, and rushed up to find all three leopards attacking the elephant. Two were at last beaten off; one was killed outright, the poor mother elephant was so shockingly mauled that she died two days later. Fortunately, the calf was unhurt.

An early autumn frost cost the late Mr. Hagenbeck over £1200. It killed a whole consignment of valuable Eastern snakes when they were within two days only of their destination.

—*Pearson's Weekly*.

The suffering, cruelty, death and great expense involved in shipping wild animals for zoological gardens, menageries, and parks is either ignorantly or wilfully ignored by sensation-seekers who want to look at wild animals in captivity.—A. H. S.

HUMANE EDUCATION



THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

The many lovers of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" will be interested in the following letter sent by a member of the Animal Rescue League, to use in OUR FOURFOOTED FRIENDS.

With respect to Mr. Dodgson's humanity toward animals, and detestation of cruelty, I have received the following recollections from one of his sisters:—

"Mention has been made of Lewis Carroll's consideration for animals. I send some instances of this I heard from himself. When away from home he saw a kitten in the street with a fish-hook in its mouth. Knowing what suffering this would cause, he carried the kitten to the house of a medical man for relief. 'Your own cat, I suppose?' said the doctor, but any knowledge of it was disclaimed. Happily, the removal of the hook was no difficult matter. Lewis Carroll held the kitten, and I think the doctor was able to snip off the barbed end, so that the hook came easily out. Payment having been declined, Lewis Carroll took the kitten back to where he had found it.

"On another occasion, compassionating some horses which were being worked with bearing-reins on, he spoke to the man with them, and put the case against bearing-reins so convincingly that they were then and there taken off, and the man had the satisfaction of seeing his animals work all the better for being allowed the natural use of their necks.

"With regard to some papers enclosed, he wrote to me: 'It is greatly to be hoped that the suggestions for a painless death for the animals used as food may do good. I quite believe that

the time will come when, in England at any rate, such death will be painless.'

"To get rid of mice in his rooms, a square live trap was used, and he had a wood and wire compartment made which fitted onto the trap, whose door could then be opened for the mice to run into the compartment; a sliding door shut them in, and the compartment could then be taken from the trap and put under water; thus all chance of the mice having an agonized struggle on the surface of the water was removed.

After the death of a pet dog he wrote:—

"'I am very sorry to hear of your sad loss. Well, you have certainly given to one of God's creatures a very happy life through a good many years,—a pleasant thing to remember.

"H. H. D."

What a school teacher can do when she has a sincere desire to teach kindness to animals was never better exemplified than it was at the graduating exercises of the Dillaway School in Roxbury. Mrs. Gulliver, the principal, had reason to be proud of the fifty bright young girls who received their diplomas, June 19, and Mrs. Huntington Smith, who was invited to be the speaker on that occasion, had good reason to be delighted by the deep humane sentiment of the exercises.

Two of Mrs. Smith's stories, "The Grocer's Boy," and "Harold's Dream," were given by members of the graduating class who had committed these stories to memory and repeated them in turns, the paragraphs being given by different speakers. A sketch of the beginning and progress of humane work was given in the same way, and there were a number of excellent selections of poetry and songs. Among the songs given was "The Cry of the Little Brothers," a poem written by Etheldred Breeze Barry expressly for the Boston Animal Rescue League and afterward set to music by request of Mrs. Franklin Couch, president of the Berkshire Animal Rescue League.

Mrs. Smith spoke earnestly of humane education, as being the only good and safe foundation

for the higher civilization, and expressed her pleasure that Mrs. Gulliver had taken this foundation to build upon, as in that way she was not only benefiting the pupil and preparing her for a happy future, but benefiting the world. The greater part of the suffering and the crime that is in the world, she said, came from lack of kindness, from thoughtless cruelty, and from selfishness, and these faults teachers and mothers might do much more than they are doing to remedy. Kindness uplifts the world.



STORIES FOR OLD AND YOUNG



Miss Deaner and Snowball.

You might say that the subject of this sketch is Snowball and then again you might say that it is Snowball's mistress, for beyond question, were it not for Miss Annette Deaner of Oakland, who took Snowball's education in hand when the latter was but one year old, there would be nothing more interesting to write about Snowball than of any ordinary horse.

Snowball is a beautiful white mare, and, to use Miss Deaner's own language, "she is a perfectly formed animal, with remarkable intelligence. She is like a kitten in her docility and every one who goes near her fondles her instinctively. She has never felt the sting of a whip, and, unlike most trained animals, seems to have been predestined to be an educated horse."

Snowball can add, subtract, multiply and divide. She has also been taught the art of making superb statuary poses, and this is the most striking of her accomplishments. One of her most charming attitudes is called "Obedience." At her mistress' command she stretches out her forefeet, crossed, and lays her head down on them. She has two very affectionate poses. For one of them she lies on her side and stretches up her head for a kiss. In the other she kneels on a box and puts her right foreleg around Miss Deaner's neck. A pretty trick is

when she sits on her haunches, as a dog does, and, crossing her forefeet, waves the American flag. Snowball is very graceful in taking all her poses and moves her body and limbs as if she were conscious of the beauty of her movements and the admiration they provoke. She is able to hold a pose for several minutes, or until she receives her mistress' command to change.

When questioned about Snowball's mathematical accomplishments, Miss Deaner smiles knowingly, and if you have gained her especial favor through a mutual love of horses, may say something about using signs. But even if this is true, Snowball's display of intelligence is most remarkable, for the horse has to be constantly on the alert for the sign, and the latter must be given so surreptitiously that it cannot be seen by an audience. Think of the number of signs the horse must understand and how clever she must be to catch them.

Miss Deaner's success with horses is not limited to Snowball. Major is one other of the many horses which she has ridden and trained. Being reared on a large stock ranch near Sacramento, she has been associated with horses since childhood, and has gained a large experience with them. On four occasions she has won prizes in equestrienne competitions, and has won high praise for the perfection of her riding.

Miss Deaner is a devoted and true lover of animals, and doubtless much of her success with horses is due to the deep feeling she has for them. She is a member of the San Francisco Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and takes an active interest in all of its undertakings. Indeed, her concern for the care of the work horses leads her to devote much of her time to them, visiting the wholesale district, where they are at work, to give them carrots or apples, and, at the noon hour, often adjusting their feed bags so as not to rub their eyes and so they can reach the last morsel of oats or barley.

"It is surprising how many horses I see," says Miss Deaner, "with eyes that are inflamed and sore from having their noon meal given them in grain sacks which careless drivers allow to rub and irritate their eyes. If horses are to be fed out of grain sacks, drivers ought to see

that the sacks are put on properly, so that their horses will not suffer while they are away enjoying their own lunches."—From *Our Animals*.



JETTY.

Taken from the League to a good home in Milton, March, 1914.

"He is perfectly happy and very fond of the long walks he takes every afternoon."—M. E. N.

Jack and the Chickens.

Jack, a hound owned by Mr. Robert Rogers of Riverside, R. I., adopted two little motherless chicks this summer. When the hens in the yard refused to mother the chicks or allow them to run with their own broods, Mrs. Rogers took them into the kitchen to try to save their lives if possible, as the hens were continually pecking at them and chasing them from one side of the yard to the other. Jack immediately assumed the responsibility of their care, and when they were not in the basket provided for them they could be found nestling up under his forepaws or close to his body.

It is very amusing to see Jack lie down and allow the chickens to walk to their special resting place, just under his fore-paws. He is very anxious while they are out of the basket and moving about the room, following them closely, with his nose almost to the floor, as if ready to pick them up should any sudden danger threaten them.

Jack is an experienced fish catcher, catching fish, usually eels, that come close to the shore

back of the house. He is considered a fighter in the neighborhood, having whipped several dogs that were troublesome in that section of the town. He is very affectionate at home, however, being a devoted slave to all the whims of his master's grandchild, taking care of her and showing his intelligence in many ways besides caring for the chickens.—M. H.

CARE OF OUR USEFUL FRIENDS

If you would show a kindly spirit, refuse to add one more to the number of abandoned cats left to a wretched existence in back alleys, while their owners enjoy themselves at summer resorts and elsewhere. If you cannot take your cat with you, have it cared for at some home or kennels or send it to the Animal Rescue League to be mercifully destroyed.

Stable Rules.

The best order in feeding is: Water, hay, water again, grain.

Never give grain to a tired horse. Let him rest and nibble hay for an hour or two first. Grain in the manger before the horse comes in looks bad.

Water the horse as often as possible; but let the horse that comes in hot drink a few swallows only, until he is cool.

Always water the horse after he has eaten his hay at night. Do not go to bed leaving him thirsty all night.

Do not forget to salt the horse once a week; or, better yet, keep salt always before him. He knows best how much he needs.

Give a bran mash Saturday night or Sunday noon; and on Wednesday night also, if work is slack. After a long day in very cold or wet weather, a hot mash, half bran and half oats, with a tablespoonful of ginger, will do the horse good. Put very little salt, if any, in the mash.

If the horse does not eat well, or slobbers, examine his teeth.

Keep a good, deep, dry bed under the horse while he is in the stable, day or night, on Sundays especially. The more he lies down, the longer his legs and feet will last.

In order to do well, the horse must be kept warm. Give him a blanket on cool nights in late summer or early fall.

In cold rains do not tie up the horse's tail. The long tail prevents the water from running down the inside of his legs, and keeps off a current of air from his belly.

Take off the harness, collar and all, when the horse comes in to feed. He will rest better without it.

Never put a horse up dirty or muddy for the night. At least brush his legs and belly, and straighten his hair.

In hot weather, and in all weathers if the horse is hot, sponge his eyes, nose, dock, the harness marks, and the inside of his hind quarters when he first comes in.

When the horse comes in wet with rain, first scrape him, then blanket him, and rub his head, neck, loins and legs. Change the wet blanket when the horse dries. Do not wash the legs. Rub them dry, or bandage loosely with thick bandages. It is far more important to have the legs warm and dry than clean.

To prevent scratches, dry the horse's fetlocks and heels when he comes in, especially in winter; and rub on a little glycerine or vaseline before he goes out in mud.

Let the horse have a chance to roll as often as possible; it will rest and refresh him. Give him a little clean earth or a piece of sod to eat now and then; he craves it, and it is good for his stomach and blood.

Speak gently to the horse, and do not swear or yell at him. He is a gentleman by instinct, and should be treated as such. The stable is the horse's home, and it is your privilege to make it a happy one.—*Issued by the Boston Work-Horse Relief Association.*

Cruelty to Fowls.

Much has been and is said on cruelties connected with the slaughter of cattle, and efforts are being made to improve the methods em-

ployed,—methods which have led thousands of men and women to give up eating meat, but the fact that on some chicken farms equally cruel methods of killing the fowls are employed is not known or realized by many persons.

In a recent article in "The Country Gentleman," entitled "Dry-Picked Fowls," by Buchanan Burr, the method advised for killing fowls in order to get the feathers off the fowl easily and to keep the flesh from looking discolored is so extremely cruel it would make any one possessing a particle of humanity feel sick at heart to read it, and cure them of any further desire to feed on chicken.

In hearing and reading of such cruelties we cannot help feeling that humane societies have not been nearly as earnest in the work as they should have been, otherwise there would have been laws by this time sufficiently strict to prevent the cruelties that are now going on in connection with the killing of animals and fowls for food.—A. H. S.

	LEAGUE NEWS AND NOTES	
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The Salem fire was a tragedy, not only to human beings but to animals. On the morning after the fire the Animal Rescue League sent an agent down to Salem to see what could be done in behalf of horses and smaller animals. It was found that few, if any, horses had been burned, but undoubtedly a great many small animals were destroyed and many others injured. Since that first day the League has had two agents in constant attendance, and, in co-operation with Miss Anna Fessenden, president of the Salem Animal Rescue League, a receiving station has been established at 7 Warren Street, where small animals are taken in and cared for. Our agents have found a great many cases to relieve, and Miss Fessenden, who has worked most assiduously in behalf of our fourfooted friends, writes under date of July 6: "I think things are going to be worse as time goes on, for the cats are beginning to come back and burned

ones are still coming. There isn't any one scarcely to help us." We shall continue to assist Miss Fessenden in every way possible, and hope that she will be able soon to establish a permanent shelter.

Many inquiries have been made about the mare and colt whose story we told in the last number of this magazine. They now belong to Pine Ridge Home of Rest for Horses and are as comfortable and happy as well fed and well cared for animals can be, though the mare is in too bad condition to be thoroughly restored to health.

A handsome black express horse was brought to Pine Ridge June 30 to see if he can recover from a painful lameness. He has been in two hospitals lately and has shown no improvement, but a longer rest and country air may heal his lameness. He belongs to a poor colored man who cannot afford to lose him and who has been giving him good care.

A Neighborhood Playroom.

The summer weather brings out not only the flowers in the fields, but all the little children on the city streets. Alas for those little ones whose only playground is the hot sidewalk! I see so many children from two years of age to six on Carver Street every day when going to and from my office that I cannot help wishing to make the summer days a little happier and better for them.

Older children can go over on the Common and play, or even venture out into suburban fields, but these little ones, too young to be safe even in crossing a street, have to stay around their own doorsteps or the doorsteps of their neighbors.

When passing through the street one day recently, I noticed a little boy about four years old on a doorstep. In front of him stood a big, coarse-looking man, and this man was amusing himself by teasing and tormenting the little one on the steps, who looked frightened and just ready to cry. I told the man what I thought of him, then rang the door bell to find out if the child lived there. A man, similar in appearance

to the one I spoke to, came to the door and said that the boy was his. I told him what had happened and went away, leaving him to settle with the tormentor of his child. When I passed that way again in the afternoon the pale little boy was sitting alone on the same step, and he gave me a wan, pathetic smile as I hurried by for my train.

Before the next night I had formed a plan and begun to put it in execution. We had a room and a small enclosed yard at the League that we could manage to do without this summer. After consulting with a necessary few, I decided to fit up this room and yard for a "Neighborhood Playroom."

It can be readily understood that we have no right to take any money for this purpose from the League treasury, and I offer to other women—or men—the opportunity of "lending a hand" to make a bright spot in a crowded city street for a few of the many little ones whose homes are hot and crowded, and whose playgrounds are the sidewalks and streets.

Picture books and playthings suited to young children will be welcome, and may be sent to Mrs. Huntington Smith, 51 Carver Street; but the special need is money to pay the young attendant we have engaged to look after the children from 9 until 12 a.m., and to buy "certified milk" enough to give a glass to each child about the middle of the forenoon, an addition to the work which at present our finances will not admit of our doing.

The Ellis Memorial on Carver Street has a playground on Church Street which older children, and little ones that have older brothers or sisters to go with them, are attending, but they have given us their hearty approval, and assistance in furnishing our room for this neighborhood work.

The attendance every day averages about twenty. A few children of ten and twelve come in order to look after little ones of two and three years. A boy of ten has the constant charge of his little sister, while his mother is in a hospital, and it is good to see the comfort he gets sitting in the swing with "baby Helen" or sharing her different toys.—A. H. S.

LETTERS

The president of the Animal Rescue League when in Washington last spring gave a lantern-slide talk at the Hubbard School to a most attentive and appreciative audience of several hundred young people. Since then the principal of the school has sent us the following excellent composition written by one of the pupils:—

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

"Bless the dumb creatures of Thy care,
And listen to their voiceless prayer."

In all the civilized nations of the world, people are gradually coming to recognize the value and worth of animals, and are making laws and forming societies for their protection. The United States hold high rank in this direction of advancement, as in all others, but, we are sorry to say, she is not foremost. Still, the work is rapidly progressing, and a large association, called "The American Humane Society" has been established for the benefit of animals. The public school children of Washington belong to a "The Band of Mercy"; and I think all of them try to keep up to its motto,—"I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from ill usage." A few years ago one would see on the streets of Washington, many old and helpless horses, pulling heavy loads for merciless and unkind owners. Now these cases are more rare, and when reported the owners are punished.

Think of the pleasure and service animals give us, and their faithfulness to us in time of need. Should not each one of us try to do his part toward helping them? They cannot speak to let their wants be known nor to express their gratitude for kindness done them, but the old saying, "that actions speak louder than words," is certainly true in their case. Besides, it is not only of benefit to the animals to be kind to them, but to ourselves. A well-treated animal can do twice as much work as a poorly-cared-for one, and a person who is kind to animals is developing better character in himself.

If a person is not particularly fond of animals or is so situated that he cannot have a pet, he can help them in other ways, by reporting their condition to the police or the Humane Society. In Boston Mrs. Huntington Smith has established "The Animal Rescue League," where all homeless animals are taken to be cared for. Attached to this is a "Home of Rest for Horses," with large pastures, where tired and over-worked horses are taken to be kept until they recuperate.

Many beautiful stories, poems, and songs have been written and pictures painted of the ways in which animals return a kindness done. Among the best known of these stories are, "A Dog of Flanders" and "The Bell of Atri." Often an animal which cannot be whipped into submission can be won by kind words and kind treatment. We should always remember the Golden Rule, and treat them as we should wish them to treat us if our conditions were reversed. —ROWENA M. SMITH, Hubbard School, Washington, D. C.

Danvers, Mass.

Dear Friend: I have the postal card sent me Feb. 2, asking me to let you know if the dog I took Oct. 9, 1913, is satisfactory, etc. In reply, I will say he is satisfactory and contented. I do not want to part with him. He is a good dog and is clean now about the house. He has grown to be quite a big dog and quite good-looking. We love him. His name is Ned.

While I am writing I will tell you about the tiger cat I brought from your place Jan. 5. He and I arrived home all right. The cat talked all the way to the North Station. My sister is delighted with him. We have named him Dandy. He certainly is a handsome, finely marked cat,—tame, gentle, intelligent, and thoroughly clean in the house. We love him. He is beginning to go out doors a little every day now the weather is good. I think he will not go away now if we should let him out. He has killed eight mice, cleaned them all out of the pantry.

The only trouble we have with Dandy is he does not eat as we would like to have him. He is not exactly thin. We want him to be fat.

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In the Boston "Globe" was an article a short time ago, saying that a Brockton man bought a horse and wagon for thirty-five cents and afterward found fifty cents in the wagon in a bundle of rags which the pedler who owned the horse had collected. This seemed such an extraordinary story that the agent of the Animal Rescue League went to Brockton to follow it up.

He found that instead of the horse and wagon being bought for thirty-five cents the man paid thirty-five dollars for them, but he thought it best to follow up the case still farther and see

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the horse. His next discovery was that the horse in question was a gray mare, twenty-four years old, with a very large bone spavin on the nigh hind legs, and very lame, so lame that she was wholly unfit to work. He made an offer of five dollars for the mare and the man accepted his offer and the mare was immediately put to death.



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